

Tommy Bolin **"Wild Dogs"**

Visit "[Wild Dogs](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

This baggage handcuffed to my wrists
I drag it everywhere I go
Sometimes I fight you with my fists
But if I knew which way was home
That's where I'd go, if I knew which way was home

Before the karma cut me free
I'm sick of my own company
Sometimes I miss the boat
Most times I miss my home
That's where I'd go, if I knew which way was home

Run down ghost trail, no chance for love
No sign of life, just wild dogs howlin' in the night
Oh, that's what I like

Before the karma cut me loose
Would bring my whiskey and my water
Sometimes I get them blues
Though I know I shouldn't oughta
That's where I'd go, if I knew which way was home

Run down ghost trail, no chance for love
No sign of life, just wild dogs howlin' in the night

Run down ghost trail, no chance for love
No sign of life, just wild dogs howlin' in the night

Run down ghost trail, no chance for love
No sign of life, just wild dogs howlin' in the night

Hear 'em howl

Visit [Tommy Bolin](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.